AM NESSINE PRODUCTION Claustrophobic Issue

The IN-APPROPRATED
PRESS #1

A Zine of Weird Shit & letters'n shit for Roanoke's Anti-Community (shit)
and their weird friends around the world

Mocle

nOnocle-Lash Anti-Press A.Da.102 / A.H. 182



A AL

あるとか

Texas Fontanella

WIS HE

Lord Fugue

Jim Leftwich

SA FARS

Musicmaster

Ports.

Keith Johnstone

Sir Chad Niral-Nelson

**Bradley Chriss** 

John M. Bennett

Anonymovs Blokes

Ewin Skitzs

Steve Dalachinsky

Wilheim Katastrof

Olchar E. Lindsann

**Chloe Harnett-Hargrove** 

Geof Hendricks
1931 - 2018 Passed Into Text

กุลrlan Ellison

1934 - 2018 Passed Into Text

Published Despite Your Desires to the Contrary

in Roanoke, Virginia

Oct., A.Va. 102/A.H. 188

2018 A.D. depending on your chronological priorities)

for live avant-performance, see

monoclelash@gmail.com Monocle-Lash Anti-Press on fa

### Brainiac-tually Speaking...

...this was no ordinary side trip to bonus land. The reversal of reality had caused me to flip-out loud! As the cannabinolse slowly broke the sound burier, I felt as if my mind was expanding faster than the universel The only problem with Delto 9 was its flavor...

Shortly after I began moving slide-wise I stumbled into a God damned Pink Panzer parade, of all fucking things, coming face to face with the ugliest metro gnome I'd ever seen... although, to his credit, he was wearing a cool-as-heil "Omnium Gatherum" tee shirt.

> "My name is Heefa Addeloi," he said, puffing on a corp silk cigarette, "and you must shake a tower before she'll give Ma sausage."

I knew right then and there that Captain Fangaroo had just turned K2 P. Broin scott free... I cried and cried and cried.

> Even mo' sho' 'nuff good ice cream, liver mutch, and exx.

LORD FUGUE -2<sup>nd</sup> revision 5/30/2015





- by Jim Leftwich & John M. Bennett



black as an ancient RIVER black healing speaker in black

flowing thru a valley of stars

breath black within the free black hole

of FREEDOM

by Steve Dalachinsky

what is the dress code for philosophy? what is the dress code for poetry? what is the dress code of fraternity? what is the dress code for equality?

dark as cotton shadows

lM bi be ebb ib mi black breath recurrent spirit of X spot the breath the wild breath circulating

the splotches of white flesh

black walls black music

wild breath

played by white flesh

pale white around edges

lit stage pale grey black audience

pale red lights show the flesh

receding toward the back

BLACK

for AYLER

John M. Bennett 6.11.18

grass blank toys and water mark your buried knives brief letter E in lightless leaving the drugstore

doubled synfax missing your marble doubt an inky flag dissolves silhouettes spin in parentheses sleeping inches from the wall were heads shapeless ears a rain map exhales yr book of worms dancing in a body box of burning alphabets windows clocks wheels aphasia's wind speech

Recombinant distorted condensation of Fran Argielles' Somets 92-100

### calavera de maracuyá

hearts and hands skull surround maracuyá el ojo abierto cómete el jarabe agridulce sesos y semillas

blue dress on a line before a beach is your tongue opening a door is a rabbit holding a pen the paper your feet



da

pinches plosivivos ddice gggagar Ente

mosquito más grande que mi cahbecita cabecacita

nodarkmatterno dark matternodarkmatter a city floods I buried my face in flowering dung

# "UN FUTUR ANTÉRIEUR D'AUJOURD'HUI"

- Yvan Mignot



drowned on the boat a squalling innertube erases all the letters yr

name not seen a dreaming phone, shrieking disappears into yr pocket sticky coins rotting passion fruit caconamination

)maintenant(

je n'ai que vent de sang

At the end of his life Franz Kafka was intending to move to Palestine and open a kosher deli with his girlfriend (her father, a zionist did not approve)...his dream however was never fulfilled, due of course to his overly painful chokingly early demise. The following Is what his menu might have looked like. (All dishes are based on titles of Kafka's stories and, novels.)

MetamorphosisStuffed Cabbage
Penal ColonyKasha Varnishkas The CastleTriple Decker - Rolled Beef, Grilled Bologna & Chicken Salami
The Trial Salami & Eggs
A Hunger Artist
Letter To My FatherSliced Tongue On Rye With Seeds
Judgment Gefilte Fish With Horse Radish
A Country DoctorMatzo Ball Soup
A Fratricide
Chicken Fat
The Bucket RiderChicken In The Pot
The BurrowMushroom Barley Soup
The Great Wall Of ChinaKosher Chop Suey
Chinese PuzzleKosher Egg Roll
Josephine the Singer & Mouse Folk Side Order of Challah Bread, Pickles & Slav
Mouse Folk
Mt. SinaiDouble Knockwurst Platter
The Animal In The SynagogueRumanian Tenderloin Steak
The Building of
The TempleBagels & Lox with Cream Cheese
Coming of The MessiahBoiled Flanken
AbrahamTwin Double, Hot Pastrami & Hot
Corned Beef On Club
Paradise 1Potato Latkes with Apple Sauce
Paradise 2Fresh Delicious Pineapple Kugal, or
Blueberry Cheese Blintzes
Investigation of A DogKnoblewurst & Liverwurst Platter
Description of a StruggleIellied Calves Feet
The Warden of The TombFour Juicy Finger Steaks Marinated
In Our Special Sauce With Egg Barley &
Vegetable
Blumfeld An Elder BachelorA Slde of Baked Beans
A Wish To Be A Red IndianA Side of Red Peppers (Hot & Sweet
Mixed)
An Old ManuscriptHalvah
The Green DragonTossed Green Salad
The dream and an armining the dream and a second a second and a second a second and
Desserts Before The LawPareve Cheese Cake
The Sirens
The Invention of The DevilChocolate Devil Food Cake
The invention of the bevir
Beverages
A report To The Academy
ParablesAssorted Doctor Brown Sodas
Special of The Day:
On an Emparachard & Salad Bar



All You Can Eat for A Shekel ...

AMERIKA .....Open Smorgasbord & Salad Bar

John M. Bennett

# **Lessons from Keith Johnstone**

How Fundamentals of Improvised Theatre can Help Us Deal with Entitlement and Privilege in Our Revolution of the Every Day

Dear reader,

I'm glad to finally be undertaking this writing project, one that I've been thinking about for some time now. Over the course of the next unknown number of issues of the inappropriated press, I aim to serialise an essay introducing you to the work of Keith Johnstone, the originator of improvised theatre (impro). I believe that his work has the potential to do so much more for us than to help birth an endless number of improvised theatrical spectacles of questionable value. I believe concepts he developed have application off the stage as a set of tools for understanding how power and entitlement are embedded within our everyday use of language, and explain how with some practice we can begin using these tools to challenge everyday power where we find it – Let's face it folks, the revolution will not be televised, the revolution is already here, the revolution of the everyday is here and it's going on everywhere around us all of the time.

### Part 1

Have you ever had someone you know and love, or someone you know and like at least somewhat, or maybe someone you don't really know all that well but that you see fairly regularly (perhaps from work) that you feel vaguely obliged to/are interested in/are dominated by, or someone you don't know at all whom suddenly bursts forth from a crowd during a fringe festival and thrusts a flyer out at you with dramatic flair and awkward dick/vag energy, or perhaps a group of 2 or 3 someones you'd rather not know wearing shabby clothes attempting the barest minimum of what could possibly be called fancy dress, who stand listlessly outside a shitty looking bar on a nondescript, nearly deserted street on a bitterly cold and windy day, whom are incapable of summoning up the proper motivation to invite you inside, but then just as you are about to venture off to somewhere better you notice the sandwich board advertising drinks on 2 for 1 special, and by the time you're inside and have ordered the first drink and gotten your token for the second, you realise to your horror that the local amateur impro group is performing and it's too late to retreat from the ensuing – what the fuck is it even? It's not exactly acting – there's no proper timing or staging, the props are imagined – designed and described to the audience one minute and apparently forgotten or disgarded and walked through the next The best you could hope for as far as content during the show might be something like this: a would be femme fatale speaking with completely unnecessary and very poor accent, a cringe enducing homophobe/racist/sexist goon, and an emotionally vacant aspergers sufferer all standing on stage looking at their shoes mumbling as they attempt to collaboratively generate lines of doggerel. The only good moments come in when there are fuck ups and accidents, like if an impatient slob with a deep brooklyn accent were to suddenly rush in on the scene, declare himself to be Rambo, make \*Doof!\* \*Doof!\* \*Doof!\* noises as he fires off his imaginary .50 calibre rifle at the other players, who stare back at him with dull eyes or confused exasperation until the showrunner comes out to remind the troop's newest player in that overly pleasant singsong voice that his "offer," whatever that is, didn't really fit with the current scene.

Dear reader, have you ever experienced something like what I have just described and lived to tell the tale? When it comes right down to it, the vast majority of improvised theatre is something like one of those adult colouring-in books; an experience that may be enjoyable to the participants, but is not always so great for the audience when you try to share it with them.

# discoveries that ailments bring (a near death excursion

earth. my back tightens. locks into an arch of miserable excruciating HURT am on my back, the tin panels on the ceiling are dented. "poor workmanship", i mutter as humorous & profound all the time. the I.V. is hooked up and i have become part of this think of agnes martin, then donald judd. it's so tiring needing to, trying to, be both i am rolled in on a gurney & placed next to a small crumpled body beside the toilet. i

only by my MIND, the lots are drawn way in advance as some of us indeed move into the survive above the bizarre real & fake poverty level that is my LIFE hindered up until now even cure me, next week my life will be changed forever, i will shed some virility, not only needs an ending, they want to reform me, by doing this they claim that they might such a trip this story could take on a cold wintry morning if only it had all its limbs. it eventually create a sentence, a thought, a possible bridge, take the letter B for example: that can be placed anywhere within a set of letters to form or not form a word which can category of antique. paradise = skymiles. palm trees & a gentle breeze. stars too while my body is being invaded from within and without. balanced & unfair, i will try to care about how many homeruns i hit. try to find a simple solution to keeping myself safe Mars for that matter, the room is a bridge, what is the process of a recall? i am a letter am finally brought into a room. it could be any room in any hospital on earth or on

the doctor talks about christo wrapping central park & i mention the wraps i ordered for whole seat of infinity. me so aware of my finite self. i circumference the entire city & there is a brew suspended in my colon. the room fills with slats of sunlight filling up the my identity is that of a crutched & sampled iodine filled hungry vessel of barium sulfate prefer yeal, and i wish i were back downtown & less aware of this soft tissue facial brain in the wrong neighborhood for approximately zero minutes. it's a tuna wrap thought i lunch. this readi-cat i swallow tastes like sweet lassi made a by cab driver who's been los: would not the sun but rather that i fight & kill in its defense i lie passive but not pensive extremity which i realize is still me.

about the scale of weightless ironies by the axis of evil, impending wars & the hurden of last night i dreamt that i made the front page when i decided to speak to the president never-ending poverty. i also managed to sneak in a bit of my own personal needs.

my aging bones a bit of nostalgia & a search that is never-ending us carry our lives, the real estate keeps rising, which is worse nuclear holocaust or their age. day breaks on the funeral home's awning. winter moves away the way some of moment of relief, a new longer lasting effect even if temporary, no delay, ancient tombs to be given a clean slate before the slate has been cleaned gives one even for a brief nuclear medicine? my bones will be scanned like a map left behind by ancient astronauts fly open. r.i.p. at its best is at rest. somewhere inside i am glowing. my bones are showing

lunch & womies. i'm a little womied things can & do happen so i attempt, try to ask less somehow remind people of my life at this point consists partially of soil, juice, dimer, RX is scaring the crap out of me. i feel more like a flow sheet than a question or relative this surplus liquid jetting from the water closet (me) & the protocol calls of the elders of

> start too early high blood pressure anxiety of being late. timing of meals - injection vacation. drawing pictures - drawing blood - antagonist's blood - sample call this done, the way things in general are done, like the right medication, classification, and not for all patients. it's not restricted either there's just these timed things like: like to problem not a problem but something squeezed right put of ones flesh but not 100% sure this hospital that would be very hard another thing as style, the way the screenings are what i am thinking is that we need more pharmers . i should order a low fat diet tho in questions & therefore receive less information. farm-acy = acres of pills harvested & then i think: i must order more fat diets. then told NO YOU ARE NOT AT RISK, then asked if i comfortable w/that SMOCK water after 2 hrs. juice after 4 hours. call me if you need anything i am told

(they look more like barbers than doctors)

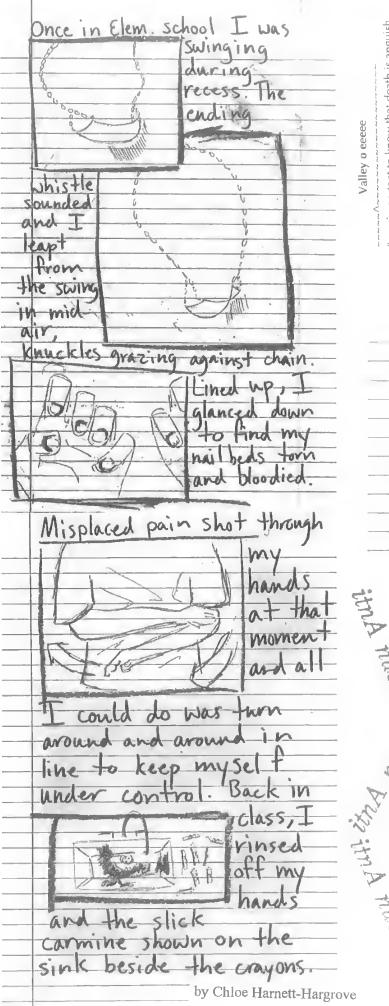
once, i need bad news, papers to feed me words & heighten my worries, there is little to insisting i rise up but unlike lazarus i go from life to LIFE & it is not a pretty picture weepy, echoeee, disordered, my bladder is full & the demon that is zero tolerance is 5 minutes, it seems like 5 centuries, i am reconstructed cosmeticized dry eyes, tired though one can never drink enough water. i have become water. am water. pain. earth there is always some risk involved, the only thing i drink too much of now is water. yes heartache can really break hearts. i've seen it myself. seen a real broken heart at leas imagine when the room is bland, empty, sleepy, chronic, anxious. I am an experiment so some foreign guy is cleaning the room. he's been rustling plastic garbage bags for about

consumed by bright light. i am drawn to it - "that's not death" i think chuckling & never had a comfortable bed or a comfortable sleep. i did, however, stop myself from nowhere, holding my breath when i am told to, breathing when i am told to, i have it's like orange flavored alka seltzer. i drink a lot of it thru a straw sideways. everything burping at last bogey man cannot grab me & pull me under the bed & toward my eventual doom. i've wild vale of intestines. freed from my shivers. my feet are under the covers so that the than the simple elegance of "I AM IN THEIR HANDS NOW". so i travel on my back to conditioned. i am the world as an open house, a program guided by trust of nothing more before an eruption occurs. & i become part of the earth. & am moved for a moment tho penis & groin expand like the world. warmed by lava as it spreads beneath the skin of clear iodine & am told i may experience a warm sensation, nothing at first but then my that someone somewhere has gotten very rich from this flavor. i am pumped w/ 100cc's continents actually more like my contents. i drink the fizzy stuff & am told not to burp. crossing over a couple of times. there is a long corridor & at it's end a vertical rectangle become a forum for medicine. medicine itself, a thespian, as we all must be, an ultimate taste has the same kool aid flavor. never much liked kool aid. later the doctor & i concur what properties are contained in a cat scan? what is contained w/in the slats of an atlas of just as quickly back to my body again. but the eruption never occurs. the room is air-The Look Hard Tryin Look Hard Tryin Look Hard Tryin Look Day to Dwight Eisenhower, Brooks a leaping are stages in the forcest.

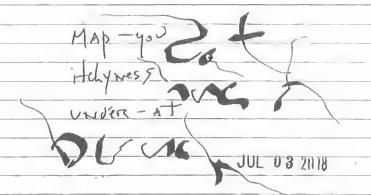
All hems, though not shown at all stores, are available through all from Dorothy Day to Dwight Eisenhower, Brooks a leaping hard Tryin.

steve dalachinsky nyc

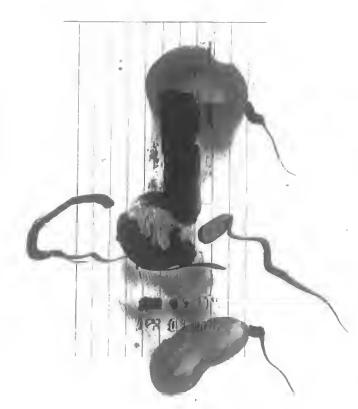
plashing in eee, a soup



normally the net squirrel fender metastasizes obtuse iii filbert gnats flurnmoxing e forge ye beathe or gap 000 slapping flimsy nazgul grease with oyster rovers aaaaa " ore important to know that death is anguish " x words engineered to resonate - Paul Kornfeld, 'Epilogue to the Actor' - Grant Morrison, The Invisibles, III, 7. uuu iii ŭuu iii bluebird cthi frthng wth chtc nrgy where o ere o porto ,u deep ea valley o, with bleary teeth iao flat, u pulling uu files a iui e iia gurgle o pendulum neerge ie ructu, eso a keeen o drilling daath quiver ee uundertone guishy a juniper e o i i yak-block tensed ui with human cell structures pro " -uu oi i aoi eethan that it is horri "



- by Jim Leftwich & John M. Bennett



Prophecy of the ending of the District of Columbia and its inevitable zombification: Or the necessity of art and hoodoo becoming one.

I.

Listen UP!

There was a tremendous fire.

A million smells of an ending wafted up into and onto all of our shit.

As the ground shook, we laughed.

As the ground shattered, we laughed.

As the sky caught fire, we laughed.

We found a million new ways to laugh, as unique as a snowflake and as multiplied as static.

11

A tremendous reflection that appears as a portal that had summoned itself so long ago, that contains the whispers of so many ghosts, that contains the whispers of so many desires, shattered into three pieces and so was the heart of Columbia seen for itself, but no one could travel beyond the splintered lines of the reflection portal, and our loves sank into tar pits filled with old odiferous insides of tomorrows filled with all of the stank of everything crammed in like a sausage.

As the portal sank into damnable muck of yesternows, we laughed as is our wont.

When we could no longer see any of Columbia any longer, as the fires faded, as the fissures were filled by this muck, as the muck digested the portals, we laughed as is our w-nt.

A tremendous void was born, a darkness having had no boundary, appearing with a depth to make the night sky jealous, and we laughed as is our want.

As our laughters filled this new forever void, we found our ways to one another. Our laughters joined and took a new shape of a silver sphere and burrowed its way into the mucky void of yesternows. Now, our laughter was no longer just ours, and it was no longer a way to find one another, it had inhabited something and began itself as something and we stood in the mucky void, wondering how, if ever, were we going to find our way out of this realm of non-sense, of un-sense, of no-sense, as I can see there weren't even smells anymore amidst this void, and I wish we could know if we were shaking or standing firm, however we were in a place of non-un-no-sense.

III.

Then we couldn't even believe it.

Ali of a sudden a tremendous body,

It had no face.

It had no name.

It had no genitals.

It had all genitals.

Pushed its silver skinless body

Through that damnable muck

And inhaled so deeply that

The muck.

We couldn't even believe this, that

The muck

Was swept right up

Into

Right

Up

Into That

Tremendous body

The remaining space was filled with us

And some kind of pale blue

And lemon yellow

It was so bright and the

Tremendous body

Was so reflective that we had a hard time telling

What

From

What

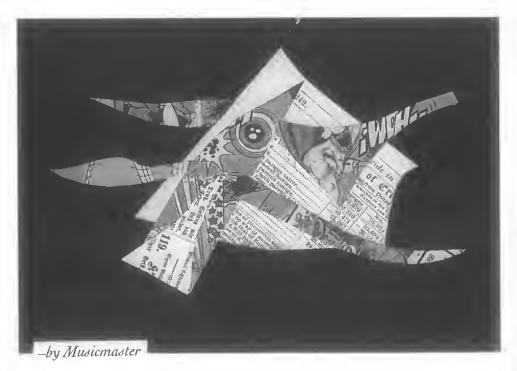
# ~LENgUA~

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by Bradley Chriss

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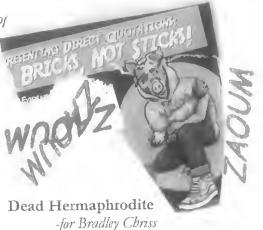
pulga pluma pendi ente shapeless leg wind

न्य न embest ida es mi Jeta deenfálica

dr ink in es encis f lag yr shad owed s ink

> engine floods swo II rind

> > cacarretera



wedged in rocks its skin soft and dying like mouldmoss like a pillar in a pit headbent limbspray at the apex of the air that ate it its pillar its pit seething with the pinpricks of my eyes or of maggots

like something chokestuck as it emerged to blink light

a dead word tailing from its lips ...nueht...

in italics and strangled as if a burrowrat squeezed the tongue with the strongest lever on my body i forced the throat's door the bloodthread italic wound round the tonsils the tongue littered with spitcorpses

it was inside the ribcage so i took it out

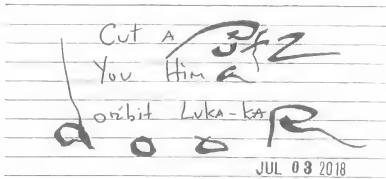
my hands read the porered slip almost entirely vermillion

i read what it said i read what it said

– Olchar E. Lindsann







– by Jim Leftwich & John M. Bennett

the cloudsmith's journey (headstands bring me life) for Geoffrey Hendricks

flying as in BUTTERED the becoming wi(n)dow / shaded

by Steve Dalachinsto dream: reached within together's part

bottom greeting note greensun written down beneath >

the unrecognizable > to gather IN

here where water is forbidden /

& belly's nausea rises toward the mouth coming out 10 X's as a state of FLUX

arose like hands within the death of yet another cloud the cloud be always in flux & never die

but dissolve to then be solved again

a smithy pounding them into shapeless mantras as the cane hobbled back to the tree

beborns worked a life long.

2.

colors referenced for sleeping window become sun inside

no longer a question

these primaries re(a)d like a canvas of empty skycans.

3.

Oh (k)NO(w) the US in FLUX marking the spot where a document travels toward retirement a HO(l)E in soil a soiled vest - safaris from soho to Chelsea a vast human network of caring activity being an AID to the weak

or strong

flag as signal / or sign of allegiance

a stomach = calm or upset vulnerability

a russian race horse full of PISS

a sudden siren opening (said sleeping window)

a hot tiring afternoon / filled with comraderie / love

gentleness can represent goodness goodness can be ice cream...

**GEOF** 

got there

teachers are shadows the only visible thing moved by a slight wind the clouds on sabbatical / or in mourning eves crawl on paper wire more men more women mormons

flew the coop

co-operatively

which came first?

don't count them!

dalachinsky nyc 6/30/18 at Quaker House at the memorial of Geof Hendricks



Geof Hendricks, Headstand for Ben Vautier

HOUNT Bennett

bjed pockets( throne, ")moon and crum ploody sea , beneath yr pasmodico sp ssoy, in the astillas en el ojocancro sil ver me or ondo sin was bhreakage in yr ton yr flange and yfidica ELINE it's thirsty ssoap **YZZEZ LHICK MILH NYZ** rabbing at the wall yr GL sit's age a kknack of gg x it nait er h ovel )sh( an long piss' hot pain a cru

sticky pants

# BE BLANK

fulgor

where sweat crawls the rain's shirt, assinmime sov vo jájá nadalactic log rotting under the compost heap I off you or tied the rope around vour eyes, frog cage, sapos sordos del futreista

in uh there ,underwhine

John M. Bennett

# 3 Zine Micro-Reviews

by Olchar E. Lindsann

here have all the zines and chapbooks gone? to PDF pixel-land or else to Print-on-Demand-The smothered night of micropress is long, the avant-garde wants a massive text-stash though just Luna Bisonte and monocle-Lash and a few others labour to keep burning cash to put toner on paper: And so we sleep in dreams of staplers til the dawn -

Of course there are others (Stampzine, Letter Founder, TLPress, etc.) but compared to when I entered the avantgarde nearly 20 years ago the numbers have plummeted. In the broader (non-avant) world, things aren't quite so dire - the 100+ tablers at the annual Richmond Zine Fest next month attest to this. So, here are some of the periodical zines that I've been following recently. I'll start doing the same for avant-stuff coming my way soon!

Hot Tag! Issues!—3. by Dan Nelson, et. al. Philadelphia/Boston/Virginia. 12-24 pp. I'm not a fan of wrestling, but I'm a big fan of this wrestling fan/perzine. Dan Nelson and his circle of friends provide an enthusiastic yet critical, articulate and straightforward, progressive and genuine, confessional and social insight into the role that their shared love of pro- and amateur wrestling enriches their lives. Through the lens of wrestling, the zine touches on issues ranging from spectacle and myth to LGBTQ+ issues to RPGs to the history and economics of the Pro Wrestling leagues to struggles with addiction to practical dos-&-don'ts of wrestling as a hobby. I met them at the Richmond Zine Fest – very friendly, smart dudes. Contact for copies etc. at hottagzine@gmail.com

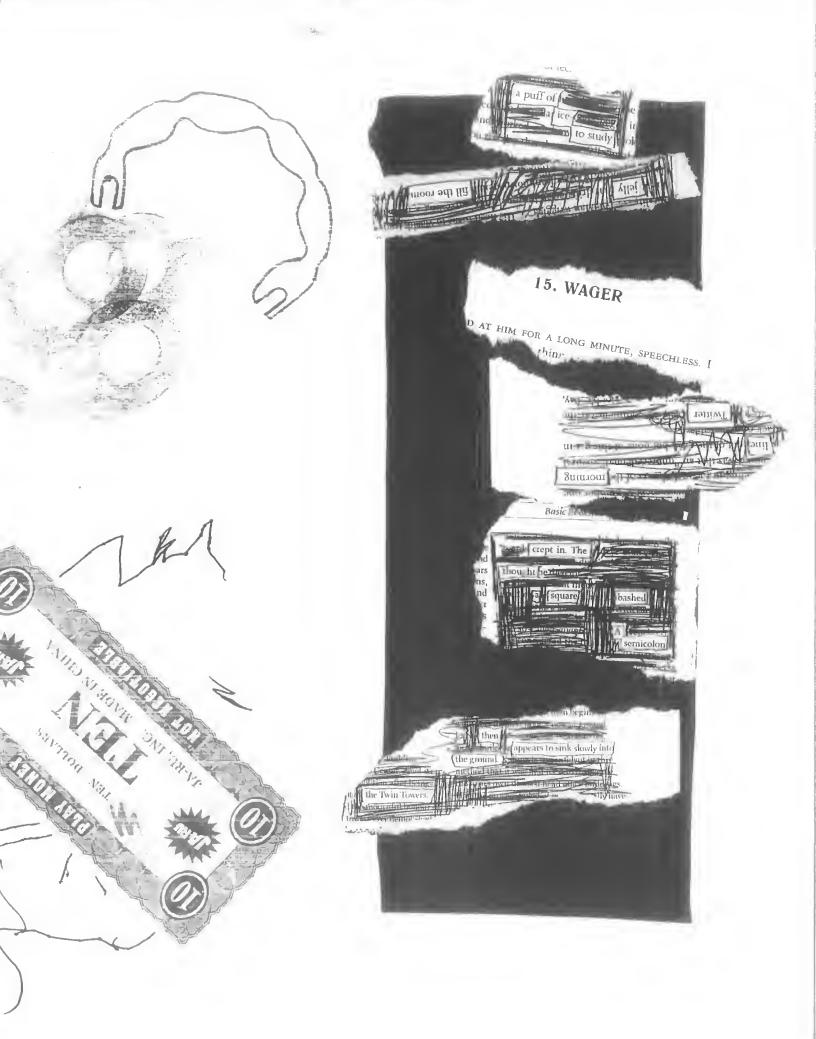
Ripped Off Razors, by "C", et. al. Asheville, NC. Issues 1-5. 6 pp. This eclectic per-zine is small, but lovingly produced in full colour – Issue 2 includes a small fold-out poster secreted within the signature-fold of a page. Its diverse contents focus on its young creator's exploration of an array of social issues and subcultures: each issue points the reader toward musicians, designers, comic artists & other zinesters comprising her cultural world. These take the form of lists, micro-essays, birthday announcements, reading lists, and the "Subculture Cut-Out Series" gracing the back of each issue, each of which depicts the paradigmatic fashions of a different subculture. These are interspersed with poetic personal essays, photography, introspective and sometimes non-linear comics, and digital collage, some by other collaborators. Contact for copies etc. at greendolphinsaysoink@gmail.com

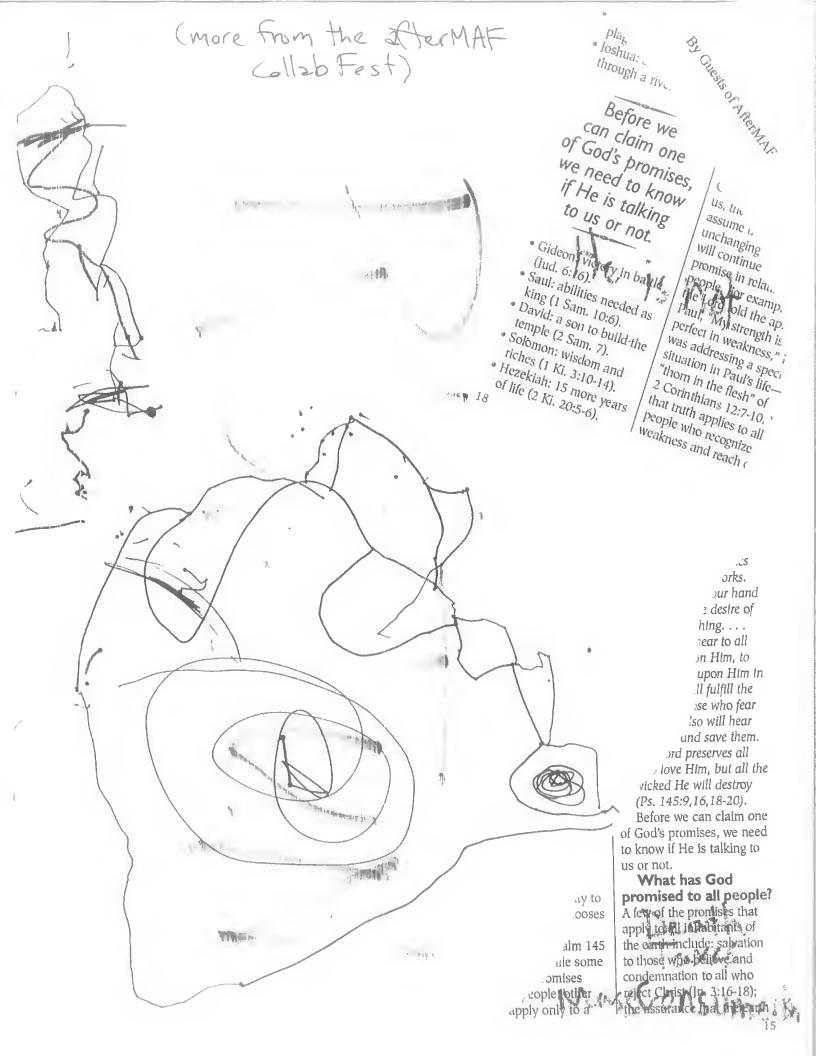
VTZ Zine, ed. S.C. Woolbridge, Los Angeles. Issues 1-4. VTZ stands for: 'Volunteer Theme Zine'. For each issue, a handful of diverse artists and writers are invited to contribute a page; the work spans the confessional to the experimental to the humorous, from comics to poems to digital collage to fiction. The invited contributors suggest and vote on themes which, through a process too involved for this tiny notice, are whittled down to a single, always enigmatic phrase. These work more as open-ended prompts than the typical "subject-matter" themes typical to many journals, readings, and exhibits. Therefore, these themes work to pick out relationships between the diverse contributions, without bending contributors to "subject matter" removed from their creative concerns or (in the case of much avant-garde work) altogether disqualifying those for whom "subject matter" is not even a relevant category. The result is a loose, engaging, and unpredictable relationship between participants. Earblit blat bliz blaz

blit blat Blix Blats to blats

Look Hard Tryin

Selections from the Collab-Fest Table @ AfterMAF 2018, by participants & Guests - initiated by Jim Leftwich (These 28 following page)





# What I Did on My Summer Holiday

be killing each other for the kids in the and Paris is no better any more, nor London, nor Tokyo, hell, in their shorts not even San Paolo. I'd almost given up on finding a place where one can really get away, You know how people are these days—everybody has to have a vacation. You'd think people would or wherever the hoards or Yosemite main thing. Wretched places, to Disneyland the It was cheap-that was going this year. off haul

Then Captain Paolombishu found me, with his glowing descriptions of a country I'd never heard Otherwise beautiful me, and it turned out he was right. I forget the name of it, but that's just as well. someplace where there were no q it was a But -nobody I knew anyway. on the television or the internet, would be chock-full of vacationers by next season. going thereto be almost nobody seemed even

whatever the name was-and the ribbons and medals I saw under his coat, which he was too polite to jumbo. I would be able to see the real country, become one with its inhabitants, learn their ways, live his business-methods; quite the speaker, at least as far as I could gather, though I admit I had some trouble with the accent. A very distinguished accent—very nention, gleamed respectability. And his glowing descriptions of safaris, of nights under the open stars, of modern mumboheir life. And the price! Of course, I could easily have paid for a month in Moscow or Madrid or Berlin That plus the gold had made me trust him. He clearly loved his nation greasy plane-tickets ready was thus cautiously elated as I watched the odd travel-agent with his odd accent and peddling fake beneath glint of gold of real adventure in a far-flung place distant from the contamination of travelers, agent than one of those shady hucksters from me into the evening shadows. Odd, too, approaching strangers randomly in the street with crumpled brochures and watches. I'd almost brushed him off for that very reason, until the convinced me to give him a chance. And he had a golden tongue, too--but why bleed so much cash only to be surrounded by tourists? seemed less like a travel cologne trundle away graceful, exotic. seautiful,

accentuates the exotic flair. I was surprised at the 3 AM departure time, and even moreso when I found myself the only flier. I was even more startled-momentarily-to discover Captain Paolombishu squeezed into the tiny cockpit of the small, battered plane which, it seemed, would transport me on the Admittedly, they do cut corners, this nation (something with a lot of "O"s...), but this merely irst leg of my journey. So he was a pilot, not (as I had somehow assumed) a benign retired military officer of some sort. The ways of the world are inscrutable.

# leaving the drugstore

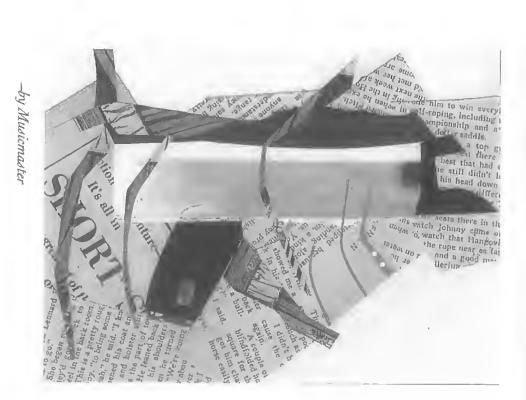
the shadow its heat a tongue brief letter E in lightless grass blank toys and water mark your buried knives

were heads shapeless ears a rain map exhales yr book of windows clocks wheels sleeping inches from the wall

aphasia's wind speech worms dancing in a body box of burning alphabets

silhouettes spin in parentheses doubled syntax missing your marble doubt an inky flag dissolves

Recombinant distorted condensation of Ivan Argüelles' Sonnets 92-100



# Anti-Anti-Anti- itnA nuehT-I]uy-I]uy-I]u

# AFTERMAF 2018 AFTERTHANKSIII

Wow! From the Collabfest offerings of Jim Leftwich, the rapiered words of CHS's Zine Club Emeriti, to Catherine Mehrl Bennett's installations and flux infused agagagactions, all the awesome Monocle Lashes, John M. Bennett's chawed maw poems and Be-Blanketing n' dream re-dreaming fun, Chloe Harnett-Hargrove's crafty zine collections, to Megan Blafas-Chriss's assemblage-ed sacrifice, Erin Hunter and Wilheim Katastrof's appropriated tune-age, Reid Wood's gift-giving, donut disappearing infinitude, the neck wrenching wisdoms of meat rhymer Bradley Chriss, the gutdefying butoh dreak-bancing Julie Beetum Gillum, Xambuea - three folded blade of weird from Ashville - Chandra Shukla's careening sound, Geo Lynx's digivisual mayhem, Elisa Faires's CRACKER DADA!!! and noise-some expressssions, and Claire Elizabeth Barratt, matron of movement, wrangler of the Asheville invasion and crusher of constant collaboration, to the tinetured priest of fire-crotches (I should know), The Emotron, the eletro-oral craziness of Deral F. Fenderson, to Jennifer Weigel's generative/ous action packs, Amy Oliver and Jen Hazel's sock-lodged culogy of laughs, the likes of **David Beris Edwards** in our mouths smile(oh the fuck i did!)-wise, the Blacksburg phalanx; Claire Constantikes, Kaily M Schenker, Miles Washington, and Tater Fraterabo's twisted harsh noiseomeness, and - adding to the Asheville awesomeness - David Lynch and Meg Mulhearn's reality rending riffs and cycles; screaming of which, Andrew Mathews Neural Necrosized improv harshness, and Wayne Llywelyn's Khate Reutling rendition, and cro-magHUNG recruitment of time-lost survivors, and Bailey Bowers, Noah Trout, and Jacob Browning - best acolytes a pricst of anti could hope for, to Tim Yaddow's unrelenting beer/food/ride/enthusiasm giving nuture-craft, Wilheim Katastrof and Brian Counihan's feast constructing time and sweat, to Ralph Eaton's open and warm husbandry of it all; he's a video hero and so much more, and to Olehar E. Lindsann, organ/poem/word/lecture/legend-izer of the anti, what an incredible AfterMAF! Thank you all! And here's to AfterMAF 2019! We nurse the lambs of infinity!!!

-Anti-itnA nuehT-ituYituY

-by Warren C. Fry (& let's add, Warren Fry's Axe-hacking bars, & Mr. Thursday's... best left unsaid...)

